

ABC

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Still only
£1.00

**Quickly! Turn
off your tellys.
Roger's on
Call My Bluff...**

BOLLOCKS!...AND HERE IS
YOUR NEXT WORD

PING!

STOP THIS SHOW!
EQUAL RIGHTS
FOR UGLY
WIMMIN'!!

I WAS THE THIRD KRAY TWIN



by Kevin Kray

★★★★★★★★★★★★

MY BABY IS THE SON OF

SATAN

says Glasgow mental patient

★★★★★★★★★★★★

SEX ON THE BUSES

Randy driver reveals all!

WITH PICTURES
(OF BUSES)

★★★★★★★★★★★★

SECRET LIVES OF THE

STARS

TOP KITCHEN FITTER
SPILLS THE BEANS

Make a date with the stars! Don't miss...

ISSN 0952-7966

**Fanny Batter's
HOLLYWOOD
gossip**



ROGER MELLIE

THE MAN ON THE TELLY

ROGER IS BUSTING ON CALL YOUR BLUESH WITH ROBIN ROBERTSON...



PING!

AND THE NEXT SARD IS... STURDIES



FRANK



THANKS

IT IS A PARTICULARLY NAUGHTY DITHEATH WHICH AFFEETH THE SHEEPF VOTHBOOKS, AND AETH A REETHUL SHEEP THUFFERING FROM THUTHURIES CANNOT BLEAT



TWO THERE YOU HAVEN IT, A DITHEATH IN SHEEP



BOLLOCKS IT IS!

ROGER
HE'S TALKING OUT HIS ARSE!!



WHEN YOU'RE SHOOTING A BIRD, RIGHT, STURDIES ARE ALL THE FLUSHES YOU HAVE TO DO BEFORE IT GOES OFF

CUT!



WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

I'M SORRY ROGER, I LOVE IT, BUT IT'S NOT IN THE SCRIPT



AH COME ON, SAY THE SCRIPT. THE PLANTERS WILL LOVE THAT.

SORRY ROGER, WE CAN'T USE IT

OH, FOR FUDGE'S SAKE!



LISTEN ROGER, I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF WE CARRY ON THE SHOW WITHOUT YOU

I'M SORRY LOVE, BUT THANKS FOR DRIVING IT ALONG



LATER, IN THE PUB

FUCK ME TOM, GAMES SHOWS ARE SO BORING THESE DAYS. NO IMAGINATION AT ALL.



DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS ROGER?

DO I HAVE ANY IDEAS?

DO PUGS SHIT TOM? OF COURSE I HAVE!



IN THAT CASE WHY NOT TAKE YOUR IDEAS AWAY TO BE READ BY BLAND ENTERTAINMENT. PTV ARE ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ORIGINAL SUGGESTIONS

YOU KNOW SOMETHING TOM, I THINK I WILL!



MY DAY...

A GREEN HEAD OF BLAND ENTERTAINMENT



WELL NOW, HOW DARE! HELP! IT'S PUGS A QUESTION OF WHEN I CAN HELP, IF YOU ACTUALLY PUG DASH

I'M LISTENING

WE COME HERE TO SELL YOU SOMETHING TO SELL YOU AN IDEA!



YOUR PROGRAMMES ARE GOOD, MR GIBBS, BUT THEY COULD BE BETTER! YOUR GAME SHOWS, IN MY VIEW, LACK A CERTAIN SPARK. YOU RUN THE RISK OF THEM BECOMING TIRED AND STALE. FOR THATS, OVER THE YEARS, HAVE BECOME REPETITIVE.

AND WHY DO YOU THINK THAT IS MR MELLIE?



AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'S GONNA KNOCK YOUR FUNKIN' BOLLOCKS OFF!



IT'S A NEW GAME SHOW AND IT'S CALLED 'BLIND SHAG'

IT'S CALLED WHAT?

IT'S A BIT LIKE CLUE'S SHOW BUT WITH REAL ACTION!



THERE'S THREE CONTESTANTS, RIGHT? AND EACH ONE GETS TEN MINUTES IN THE SACK WITH A BIRD, YOU WITH ME? BUT WHILE THEY'RE AT IT—AND THIS IS THE CLEVER BIT—

ALL THREE BLOKES HAVE TO WEAR BLINDFOLDS—SO THEY DON'T KNOW WHO THE PUGK THEY'RE SHAGGING.



THEN, WHEN THEY'RE FINISHED, THE BIRDS ALL LINE UP IN A ROW—COMPLETELY STARKERS!

THIS IS ALL A DREAM—I'M NOT HEARING THAT

SOUNDS GOOD, YEAH?



AND THE BLOKES HAVE TO GUESS WHICH ONE THEY SHAGGED BY FEELING THEIR TITS AND SHIT. BRILLIANT T.V. EH?

PLEASE MR MELLIE

SPACE ME ANY FURTHER DETAILS, I'VE WASTED ENOUGH OF MY TIME ALREADY



A FEW WEEKS LATER...

HEY ROGER, HOW ARE YOU?

OH, HI TOM



HOWEVER, BECAUSE OF YOUR BIG PLANS FOR A NEW GAME SHOW, DID ANYTHING EVER COME OF IT?

OH, THANKS THEY LOVED IT

THEY'RE ALREADY REORDERED A PILOT SHOW. IT'S ON TONIGHT ACTUALLY



OH GREAT, I DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS. WANT ABOUT YOU CELEBRATING?

OH, MY MATE IN IT. THAT'S WHAT?

THEY GOT SOMEONE ELSE TO HOST IT!



WELL AND WELCOME TO 'BLIND SHAG'

AND OUR FIRST CONTESTANT TONIGHT IS FRANK MUEK. COME ON THEN FRANK, YOU'VE GOT TEN MINUTES TO SHAG SOME PUGS... NOW!!



BING!

BING!

LETTERBOXES

These vicars make me sick

Vicars have it easy. They don't pay tax, they get a free house, they only work one day a week and then they have the cheek to pass the plate round on a Sunday looking for tips.

It's about time Mrs Thatcher hit the vicars where it hurts - in the pocket. I say *tribute* the poll tax for vicars and make them pay an extra £1 per foot of steeple on their church. Why should Joe Muggins have to pay extra in order to subsidise these men who wear skirts, drink tea all day and talk twaddle for 15 minutes every Sunday morning.

Mr T Evans
Somerset

What a con most of these so-called 'calendars' are. Not so the superb effort from Viz, which gives us a whopping 31 days in April, instead of the paltry 30 on offer from all the others.

What a bargain for my liver! Leap your value, in a month when it's warm enough to enjoy the extra day.

A Scrattock
Cirencester

The other day whilst playing Scrabble with my wife I started and was able to make the word 'RESTORE' using all of my seven letters. I got a double word score, however my wife went on to win the game.

T More
Hampton

LetterBoxes
Viz
T.O. Books 1Pt
Newcassel on Tyne
Ne 29 1Pt



Do any of your readers know anyone who might want a giant panda cub? I have two giant pandas which I keep as pets and they breed like nobody's business. I've already had to drown 40 cubs since Christmas.

Mr D Bentley
Birmingham

Anyone fancy a fight?

I think I'm a pretty hard case and I like to put myself around a bit. Would any of your readers like to have a fight?

C Goldson
Hampshire

As a parent I am disgusted by the ever increasing price of children's toys. In our day we made our own entertainment - by playing with a stick and a ball of string.

Dick Price
Walthamstow

It's forthright, it's frank It's a pile of old wank

As a vicar, I can sympathise with Mr Evans' remarks (Letterbox, Viz 42). I appreciate that many people are struggling to make ends meet especially since the introduction of the community charge. Whilst it is true that vicars only work one day out of seven, Mr Evans has obviously overlooked the fact that we are also required to work on Christmas Day (for no extra pay) while everyone else is at home watching TV and opening their presents. He would do well to get his facts right next time.

Rev A Marshall
Crantock

What about me? I am a Jewish vicar, and as well as working the same hours as other vicars I have to wear a silly hat, a long beard and am not allowed to eat sausages. And I don't get any presents at Christmas. My life already. These English vicars don't know they're born.

Rabbi B Goldstein
Mousholt

'Are you a vicar? If so, are you overlooked or do you have it easy? Come on, you Holy men. There's a dozen candles for the best letter we receive. Write to our usual letterbox address, and mark your envelopes 'Vicars Debate'.

'Thank you' to the motorist who flashed his headlights and allowed me to pull out into a busy street the other day. If it had not been for him I may well have arrived at the shops a few minutes later than I had planned.

Mr E Ellis
Stroud

How about a picture of a blonde kissing that bird's arse?

Tom McArthur
Bolton

'Here you are Tom. Happy to oblige.'



Whilst having sex have any of your readers tried pushing a drawing pin into their buttocks and knocking it home with a heavy book?

If so, I should like to know what it's like, as my wife and I have yet to try it.

Major B Bradshaw
Aldershot



PREVENT eggs from rolling off kitchen work surfaces by keeping them in a small bowl or similar receptacle.

L Bowman
Tijuan

ENTERTAIN your family with a comical impression of snooker star Dennis Taylor by simply wearing your glasses upside down.

B Potter
Aberdeen

IF a dog is about to attack you in the street, stand your ground. Do not show any signs of fear as this will encourage the animal to attack.

Mrs B Sellers
Cricklewood

TEACH your children the value of money by burning their football. They will then have to work to earn enough to buy a replacement.

Mr G Moran
Finchley



YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS

That was the shock message from greengrocers up and down the country as supplies of our favourite fruit began drying up yesterday.

There were scenes reminiscent of World War Two rationing as housewives queued to snap up the few bananas that remained on Britain's supermarket shelves. And electricity chiefs reported a sudden drop in demand for electricity as people switched off their kettles and went out in search of bananas.

Shell shocked shopkeepers blame the shortage on greedy growers in Africa who are **CHOPPING DOWN** banana trees and **CASHING IN** on increased demand for turnips, swedes and radishes.

"As a result of the Chernobyl disaster Eastern Europe's vegetable crop has consistently failed," explains Dr Wolfgang Zimmerman,

lecturer in Fruit and Vegetables at Loughborough University. And prices on the world vegetable market have reached record levels as farmhouse soup manufacturers attempt to out bid each other for the limited supplies which are available.

Greenpeace believe that one thousand square miles of African banana forest is being felled every fifteen minutes to make way for vegetables. "People don't realise that the African banana forests are a major source of oxygen, and bananas," a spokesman told us. "If we continue to destroy them at this rate we could all suffocate by the year 2000."

A spokesman for the International Federation of Farmhouse and Country Vegetable Soup Manufacturers denied this claim.

"People would be just as quick to complain if there was no turnips, swedes or radishes in their soup," he told us. "There are two sides to every coin."

Meanwhile black marketers are enjoying a field day. One man we spoke to at King's Cross station offered to sell us a banana for £200. "I've got three. You can have them all for five hundred," he told us.

BEAT the credit card companies at their own game. Run up a massive bill on your credit cards and then kill yourself before your statement arrives, thus avoiding re-payment.

D Payne
Middlesex

IF being pursued by a rogue rhinoceros, run in a straight line directly away from the animal. Just before he catches you, dart quickly to one side or another. Unable to change direction, the bulky animal's momentum will carry him a good distance away, enabling you to run up a tree and call for help.

Mrs B Sellers
Cricklewood

RE-SPRAYING your car? Cover it with 'cling-film' first. If you don't like the new colour simply peel it off and start again with another.

Denise Jordan
Petts Wood

DON'T panic when being chased over land by a crocodile. Simply run in a zig-zag fashion. These large reptiles are only able to run in straight lines and will be confused by your constant changes of direction and will soon give up the chase.

Mrs B Sellers
Cricklewood

Fanny Batter's HOLLYWOOD gossip

Hi! Fanny Batter reporting. And it's been another busy week for the stars in Tinseltown, I can tell you.

Wood is lunky Miami Vice star Don Johnson has just spent \$7 million on a new bathroom suite made out of gold. And get this - the plugs are diamond! Only problem is dishy Don, 42, has no-one to share bathtimes with. Long time girlfriend Sheena Easton walked out of his \$68 billion Santa Barbara ranch after Don, 38, drove her brand new 'E' type Jag into the swimming pool. Friends of the sexy Scottish songstress tell me the new man in Sheena's life is spooky ghost film star Vincent Price, 108.

Supersar neighbours of top tennis brot John McEnroe have raised a racket about goings on at his \$28 billion Beverly Hills mansion. Eddie Murphy, Richard Burton and Bob Hope have all signed Jane Fonda's petition calling for McEnroe to quit his \$138 million castle. Trouble is Mac's kids, Trebor, 5 (his son by Aretha Franklin) and Aniseed, 12 (daughter by his marriage to Ryan O'Neal, 56) have been playing football and their ball went over the fence and broke a window in Judy Garland's \$350 billion crystal greenhouse, a gift

from former president Richard Nixon to screen temptress Marilyn Monroe.

Word is that McEnroe, 20, is set to quit his \$126 million Belle Air apartment and set up shop with Jamie Lee Curtis. Trouble is sexy 'Fish Called Wanda' star Jamie, daughter of swashbuckling Errol Flynn, hasn't told her long time hubby Charlton Heston about the new love match.

Divorce lawyers are rubbing their hands together at rumours that saltry Kim Basinger's 12 year marriage to Crackeryack star Bernie Clifton is on the rocks. Friends say that Kim, 23, still loves Bernie but isn't prepared to share him with another bird - namely his comedy ostrich! The dumb bird accompanies Bernie everywhere - even to the marital bed! Diners at \$800 a head Beverly Hills restaurant 'Mr Vitonite's' couldn't believe their ears when Kim, 24, gave Bernie a dramatic ultimatum. "It's me or the comedy ostrich", she screamed before storming out of the \$1200 a head Belle Air nightclub. Word is the new man in her life is non other than former Rasil Brush straight man Roy North.

Viz

In the last issue we asked YOU to vote for a new cover price for your big value Viz. And the good news is that by a majority of over 100% nine out of ten readers unanimously voted in favour of a decrease to 50p per copy. Accordingly, this issue was set to go on sale at 50p. However, at the eleventh hour, we were dealt a sickening blow when Chancellor John Major announced an extra 50p on all bi-monthly adult humour magazines from Newcastle, in his budget.



Major - 50p on comic shock.

Reluctantly the presses were stopped and the price changed accordingly to £1. If you feel this is too high a price to pay for a juvenile magazine containing much the same jokes in every issue, address your complaints to Chancellor John Major, 11 Downing Street, London. Please mark your envelopes 'I think it's daylight robbery'.

JOIN THE ARMY



COS ALL THE BIRDS ARE GAGGING FOR SQUADDIES

If you aren't getting any, then Britain's modern army is the place to be. After 6 months' basic training your shoulders will be broad, and your knob will be red raw with shagging. So if you fancy a bit, pop in to your local recruiting office or fill in the form for more details.

To: The Army, Aldershot

I'm not getting my end away and I reckon 33 years hiding behind some garden wall in Belfast will just about see me right.

Name _____ Address _____

POSSESSED!

A terrified Glasgow father has issued a desperate plea for help. "Please help me save my son. He is the Devil incarnate".

Ever since his son Damien was born 14 years ago, Tom McAllister has led a one man campaign to have him exorcised, a campaign that has cost Tom his home, his marriage and eventually his liberty. But Tom remains convinced that Satan has come to Earth in his son's body.

NIGHTMARE

"These last 14 years have been like a nightmare from which there is no awakening", Tom told us, "I have fought a battle with the forces of evil, and through the eyes of my son I have come face to face with Satan himself".

IT

When Damien was born he was given a clean bill of health by staff at the local maternity hospital, and Tom's wife Margaret was allowed to take the baby home after 4 days. "We were the happiest couple in the world", Tom recalls, "but then it started to happen".

EVIL

Tom's face turns white as he recalls how the first signs of evil began to manifest themselves. "The day we got back from the hospital I was sitting holding the baby. Margaret was in the kitchen. Suddenly I felt a jolt through Damien's body, and I looked down to see sick spitting out of his mouth. Then he just looked at me. I could sense great evil. It was frightening".

SCREAMS

The vomiting continued, especially after feeds. "At times he would wake during the night, vomit, then we'd hear chilling screams from his cot. I would try picking him up, but the screaming would continue. Then he'd stop, suddenly, and just look at me. It was then that I first sensed Satan within him, and that my son was possessed by the Devil".

Satan stalks the Earth - in my son's body

Tom explained his concerns to wife Margaret, but she was sceptical, despite increasing evidence which by now included brightly coloured excrement. "One day I was changing his nappy. The Devil obviously thought I was trying to exorcise his spirit, so Damien was screaming wildly. Suddenly I noticed the mess in his nappy was bright green, just like the sick in that film 'The Omen'. I pointed this out to the health visitor, but she said it was normal. At this point I first suspected that something was wrong. I knew this was the work of Beelzebub. Damien was not my son. He was the son of Satan - the Devil incarnate."

EXORCISM

Tom contacted a local priest. "I knew the only way I could save him was by exorcism, but the priest didn't seem interested. He suggested we have him christened instead."

LUCIFER

As Tom left the church, he felt an evil presence watching over him. "Branches in nearby trees began to sway slightly in the wind, and it seemed to get a bit darker. I realised then, for the first time, that I was engaged in mortal combat with Lucifer himself, and the battle had only just begun".

EXCLUSIVE



By now the strain was beginning to show on Tom's marriage. Margaret had been unhappy with Tom's choice of name, and she objected to sprigs of parsley that he had nailed to his son's bedroom door. She even called the police after finding the figures '666' scrawled on the baby's head with what appeared to be a felt pen. But Tom denies her accusations. "That birth mark was just another sign, another sign which Margaret chose to ignore".

HOSPITAL

Margaret successfully obtained a court order banning Tom from their council flat. After a short spell in police custody, Tom was sent to a hospital for psychiatric reports and didn't see his son again for almost a year.

MIRACLE

"I went to visit Margaret on Damien's first birthday. I took along a couple of toys for him. He seemed to be much better, and I thought for a moment that a miracle had occurred, that he was saved."

HORRIFIC

Then suddenly he began hurling the toys around the room with what seemed like inhuman strength. One, a solidly built Tonka truck, was broken. Then he stopped, looked up towards me, and uttered a work in an horrific deep voice. He



Tom (left) and (above) the child he lost to Satan.

said 'mama', or something like that, but I immediately recognised this as the voice of Satan".

CANDELABRA

That evening Tom was arrested trying to break into the flat carrying several wooden stakes, a candelabra and a mallet. "I was trying to save my son, not harm him", Tom insists. But after further tests he was returned to long-term psychiatric care.

CRUET

After several unsuccessful escape attempts, Tom now spends his time praying for his son behind the bars of a high security mental institution in Arbroath. But he has these words of warning for his wife Margaret and others who have scoffed at his claims.

GRAVY BOAT

"I believe this is just the beginning. The dawn of the beginning of the end. Damien was sponored of the Devil, son of Satan, to bring about Armageddon. Evil shall conquer Good. The seas will boil, the earth open up and all mankind shall be swallowed. There will be death, disease, and eternal suffering for all of us for evermore. And it will be the end of the world. You mark my words."

NAPKIN RINGS

Tom claims his fears have been confirmed by a series of tragedies which have affected his family since his son's birth. Several of Tom's aunts have died, a nephew was badly injured in a car crash, and in October 1986 a tree fell on a car belonging to Margaret's sister Elaine. Luckily no-one was hurt.

SPLOOT BASTARD



JUNE & TERRY SITCOM

DA-DA-DEE, DEE, DE-DA
DA-DA-DAA, DOO, DOO, DOO
(HE-HA-HE-HA)



GODDAMN! I COULDN'T FIND THE MAN WHO REFINISHED THE SHIRTLESS. (YOU KNOW) MEAN, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS HIGH MOUNTAIN OF YOURS.

YES, DAMNED POWERFUL. I'D NEVER DISCOVERED A MAN WHO SPOKE IN LOWER CASE LETTERS.

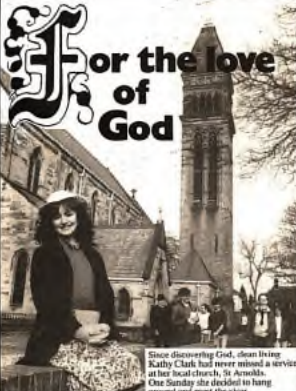
NO, QUITE. NAME: Z.B.

MY GOD, IT'S A KISS! YOU'RE BETTER HAVE A DOWRY FOR AN ELOPEMENT! FOR THIS, BITCH!

YES, YES, I'M UP THERE, I SPARKLE!

THANKS...
GOD-BYE! TERRIE, DAPHNE,
I DON'T GO TO PRIGT THIS
WINTER YOU HAVE ME LAST PART
BUT I'LL POP IT THINGSIDE





For the love of God

Since discovering God, clean living Kathy Clark has never missed a service at her local church, St Arnolds. One Sunday she decided to hang around and meet the vicar.



YES MY CHILD, CAN I HELP YOU?

I JUST WANTED TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THAT BEAUTIFUL SERMON



YOU DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THAT RUBBISH DO YOU?

YOU ARE JOKING AREN'T YOU VICAR?

NO, OF COURSE NOT



ALL THOSE SERMONS SOUND 'THE BLEEDIN' SAME TO ME!

I JUST COPY THEM ALL OUT OF THE BIBLE YOU KNOW. GODD BODD THAT, GEDDIT?



I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. HOW CAN YOU, A VICAR GIVE A SERMON AND NOT BELIEVE IN WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?

NEXT YOU'LL BE TELLING ME YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD!



GOD? HA! WHO BELIEVES IN GOD? I CERTAINLY DON'T

YOU'D HAVE TO BE A LOONEY TO BELIEVE ALL THAT TWADDLE ABOUT ADAM AND EVE AND ANGELS AND FIXES AND WHATEVER ELSE.



COME OFF IT LOVE, YOU DON'T SERIOUSLY BELIEVE IN GOD DO YOU?

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M HEARING THIS!



IF YOU HAVE NO FAITH THEN WHY ARE YOU A VICAR?

HEY, WE'VE ALL GOT TO EARN A LIVING SOMEHOW. IT PAYS THE RENT, YOU KNOW.



LISTEN, I'D LOVE TO STAY AND CHAT ALL DAY, BUT EVEN VICARS HAVE TO EAT.

HOW ABOUT WE POP INTO THE PUB AND CARRY ON THIS CONVERSATION OVER A DRINK AND A SANDWICH?

Kathy was reluctant to accept the vicar's offer but, intrigued by his unusual attitude, she decided to go along for a drink.

RIGHT THEN LOVE, WHAT CAN I GET YOU?

OH, JUST A COKE FOR ME THANKS.

COME OFF IT, I'LL GET YOU A DOUBLE VODKA, EH? WE HAD A GOOD COLLECTION TODAY!

Kathy quickly turned the conversation to religion.

OKAY, SO IF THERE'S A GOD, WHERE DOES HE LIVE THEN?

GOD IS GOOD. HE IS LOVE HE IS ALL AROUND US.

HMMM. GETS ABOUT A BIT DOESN'T HE, THIS BLOKE GOD.

Time flew by.

HEY, THAT'S LAST ORDERS. CAN I GET YOU ANOTHER DRINK?

DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU SHOULD BE SPENDING MORE MONEY ON ALCOHOL?

IT'S NOT MY MONEY LOVE. THIS ONE'S ON THE STEEPLE RESTORATION FUND!

Shirley I HAVEN'T CHANGED YOUR MIND THEN VICAR?

ABOUT GOD? NOT YET. BUT IF YOU COME BACK TO MY PLACE FOR A COFFEE YOU'RE WELCOME TO KEEP TRYING.

JUST A QUICK COFFEE VICAR, THEN I MUST GET HOME

PLEASE, CALL ME ROGER

Several cups of coffee later

I WAS FIRST TOUCHED BY THE HAND OF GOD SEVERAL YEARS AGO...

YOU CAN GET ARRESTED FOR THAT SORT OF THING!

...AND SINCE THEN I'VE STRIVED TO GET EVER CLOSER TO HIM.

KATHY, I'VE LISTENED CAREFULLY TO WHAT YOU SAY. BUT IF IT'S TRUE, AND THERE IS A GOD, THEN TELL ME... WHY IS THERE SO MUCH SUFFERING IN THE WORLD? WHY DOESN'T HE STOP IT?

I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE ROGER. GOD CANNOT SOLVE OUR PROBLEMS FOR US. BUT IF WE HAVE FAITH IN HIM, HIS LOVE WILL GUIDE US. WE CAN FIND OUR STRENGTH THROUGH GOD.

MMM... I SEE.

LISTEN, I'VE GOT A SERVICE AT SIX. THAT'S NOT FOR ANOTHER 20 MINUTES...

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU FANCY NIPPING UPSTAIRS FOR A QUICK SHAG?

WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING?

ARE, GO ON! JUST A QUICKIE.

CALL ME A TAXI, I'M LEAVING AT ONCE!

That evening Roger did some serious thinking about what Kathy had said.



And that night, before he went to bed, he stopped. And he said a prayer.



The next day there was a knock at Kathy's door.



KATHY, YOU WERE RIGHT, GOD DOES EXIST AFTER ALL.



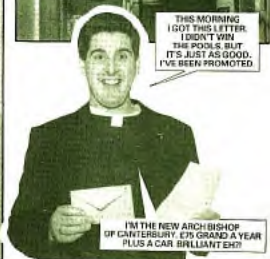
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

LAST NIGHT, BEFORE I WENT TO BED I PRAYED THAT I WOULD WIN THE POOLS



YOU DID WHAT?

THIS MORNING I GOT THIS LETTER. I DIDN'T WIN THE POOLS, BUT IT'S JUST AS GOOD. I'VE BEEN PROMOTED.



I'M THE NEW ARCH BISHOP OF CANTERBURY. £75 GRAND A YEAR PLUS A CAR. BRILLIANT EH?

SO I WAS THINKING NOW THAT I BELIEVE IN GOD...

...HOW ABOUT GETTING MARRIED, EH?

DON'T WORRY I'M A RIGHT FOOTER! IT IS ALLOWED.



OH, ALL RIGHT THEN ROGER.

I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT SO I'VE ALREADY BOOKED THE CHURCH. COME ON! KICK OFF'S IN TEN MINUTES.



I'M SURE WE'LL BE HAPPY TOGETHER, YOU, ME... AND GOD.

YES LOVE, BUT IF HE'S COMING ON THE HONEYMOON MAKE SURE HE GETS A SEPARATE ROOM HA HA HA HA!



Billy the Fish.

DUE TO A LUNGE IN THE GYM, YOUNG BILLY (BILLY FISH) IS ABOUT TO BE AWARDED A CARVE THAT HE NOT MAKE PLACE

MANAGER, JAY (JAY FISH) IS OFFICIAL MANAGER. UNITED COACH, JIM (JIM FISH) IS DUE TO COACH. JIM (JIM FISH) IS DUE TO COACH. JIM (JIM FISH) IS DUE TO COACH.



JUST LOOK AT THESE PLANTS! TWENTY THOUSAND BETAL UNITS OF FOUR SQUARE METERS EACH, AND POLYNESIAN WIGLES - A MAJOR MAJOR SPECIALT FOR THE NISBET!



ONLY TENZ PROVED TO GET IN

HERE, 1000 STUDENTS ENDS IN AMERICAN-MADE WEST-ERN EUROPEAN-MADE PARKING FOR 100 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR, AND 100 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR FOR THE THERMOPAST STIFF.



ALL BEHOLD SKI-SLOPE AND FATHING LAKE, WITH ANGRING YOU UP TO THREE THOUSAND STIFFS.

HEAR, OK, 1000 STUDENTS ENDS IN AMERICAN-MADE WEST-ERN EUROPEAN-MADE PARKING FOR 100 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR, AND 100 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR FOR THE THERMOPAST STIFF.



ANSWERS IN THE MOTHER A 5000 FOOT HIGH STIFFS OF MISERY ONLY IN FOUR DOLLARS AND ENLIGHTENED IN EXAMINATIONS.

PEOPLE LOVE ME, MY BROTHER I BRING JOBS AND PROSPERITY TO THESE SHAGGY LITTLE WIGS. I AM A JUSTICE, A GOD-FATHER, IF YOU LIKE.



BUT WAIT A MINUTE...

THIS IS ALL VERY HELPFUL, BUT THERE'S ONE CRUCIAL PRINCIPLE ON THESE PLANTS: WHAT IS TO BEHOLD OF FULCHREVER UNITED?



DON'T WORRY, THERE'S JOBS FOR EVERYONE.



BEASTS WIGGLE YOU ARE AN HELL!



AND I THINK I'LL HAVE A BRANCH OF MARRIED ENGINEERS, NAKED THEM IN THE SHOWER'S.



AND TO LIKE A PINK PLATFORM, WHERE THE GROWN CAN KNOCK ME IN THE NEW HEART'S HONORING.



LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU'RE DRIVING ME IN THE WAY OF PROGRESS! I'M BRINGING JOBS AND PROSPERITY TO THE REGION.



COME ON! I WANT THE LEFT PICTURED THERE, AND IF ANYONE WANTS TO STOP YOU BUILDING IT, ALL THEM.



UNUSUAL ME I SAY!



LET ME GO, DON'T YOU KNOW I HATE I AM! I'M WOUNDED, HALF THE NINE BEHOLD THE!



THE NIGHT DAY, THE RATHER, REPORT FOR TRAINING AS USUAL.



WHENEVER WHAT THE WIGS BE.



NEW DOLLARS, PERHAPS, ON MYSELF VERY NEW TACTICS FOR US, SAME ON SATURDAY.



WHAT IS IT BOSS?



I HAVE BEEN HARBOURING A SECRET FACTOR YOU, YOU ALL KNOW ME AS 'BOSS' BRINGING A MAJOR 'MURDER' ONE OF THIS LAID, IS YOU WILL.



BUT ONLY, YOU DON'T MEAN.



GASP!



ME YOU WOULD NOT! A FOOTBALL IS A HANGS WORLD, ITS A WORLD OF HELL AND HELL TO PRODUCE, HATCH, GROWN TO BE ACCEPTED IN THAT WORLD.



SO WHAT'S SHAGGY BOSS?



I AM A WOMAN, I AM A FOOTBALL MANAGER, AND I AM LEFT ARMED.



I'M ASKING, ITS NOT QUITE THAT SIMPLE.



GASP!



IS THAT REALLY THE FATHER OF YOUR BOSS'S LOVE CHILD?

HOLEY JOE

THAT'S MY NAME, MAKING HOLES... NOW THAT'S MY GAME!



I SUPPOSE I'LL MAKE A HOLE IN THE FENCE AND PICK UP THE PRISON APPLES.



THAT'S ME. AND... SUCH AN OPERATION WILL BE ENTIRELY WITHOUT INCIDENT.



IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF FINDING A BIT.



BONKING ON THE BUSES!

Fellas. What's **YOUR** idea of the most glamorous job in the world? Film star, stunt rider or international spy perhaps? It's certainly true that men in these professions pull their fair share of gorgeous girls.

James Bond for example has sex with up to four girls in each film, while Eddi Kidd is never seen with the same top model twice. But bus driver **LES TAYLOR** claims these occupations are a bore compared to bus driving. According to Les all the action takes place on the buses!

In his new book 'Sex On The Buses' Les blows the lid off Britain's banking bus drivers. They're all at it, according to Les. Here, in an exclusive extract from his book Les lets us in on just some of the sexual secrets of life behind the wheel.

Lusty Les drives the girls wild 'I always give them a good ride'



Les (left) and a bus.

A lot of people imagine its boring driving a bus back and forth along the same route every day. But nothing could be further from the truth.

My favourite route ran through a housing estate. It was the number 47, but back at the depot we called it the '69' for obvious reasons. I'd take my bus down there at 9.30 after all the fellas had gone to work, and the birds would be queuing up for it at every stop. I'd make sure every one of them got a good ride. I'd be so busy I often got back to the depot 6 or 7 hours late!

SEXY

Sometimes I would do a country route just to give myself a rest. But on one occasion that plan backfired. I was driving to this village where no-one lived so I knew I'd have a quiet run. Little did I know a dozen top models had been posing for a sexy calendar in the countryside, and they all got on my bus to go home. I drove around the countryside for several hours, stopping on request to punch their tickets. When we eventually got back to the terminal I parked in a quiet corner and got off with all of them at once.

SEX

Mind you, it's not all group sex on the buses. Sometimes I'd only have sex with one woman at a time. Like the time a gorgeous blond film star got on my bus. It was the last run of the evening and there was no-one else on board. She smiled and asked if I went all the way. I didn't need to be asked twice, and within seconds the windows were all steamed up and the suspension was being tested to its limit. By the time we'd finished - several hours later - the bus was a total write

off. I told the inspector I'd driven over some rough ground and he believed me. I still smile every time I drive past that old bus in the scrapyard.

HANDFUL

It wasn't always the passengers who provided the fun on the buses. The clippies were just as bad. I remember one in particular. Sandra was her name. On her first day the inspector asked me to take her in hand. And it wasn't long till I was showing her how to give someone a fourpenny one. With Sandra around there was always room for me up top. Quite a handful she was. I can tell you.

DOUBLE DECKER

Mind you, being a double decker Romeo does have its hazards. I remember once I was having sex with this girl in my cab when her husband got on the bus! I've never put my regulation trousers on so quickly in my life! It was only when I got back to the depot that I realised I had them on back to front. My face was as red as my bus. I can tell you.



Another time I was stuck at some traffic lights so I decided to nip up top and have sex with a tasty housewife who'd given me the eye earlier. But while we were at it upstairs, a stern lady inspector boarded the bus. When she saw what was going on I thought I'd be sacked on the spot. But to my surprise she whipped off her tunic and joined in!

MILKY BAR

Our steamy sex session continued, even after the lights

had changed... again and again! There was quite a queue of cars behind the bus before those two ladies eventually rang my bell and I was able to move off.

Next week: Les tells how his bus got stuck on a level crossing and it took eleven members of a passing Swedish hockey team to eventually pull him off.

Report slams police



The police yesterday.

A report published this month in the consumer watchdog magazine *What* reveals a majority of the British public believe the police force discriminates against minority groups.

OPINION

And it is the motorist who suffers most from police discrimination according to public opinion. Over 75% of the people questioned thought that police officers deliberately discriminated against drivers who drove either too fast, or in an erratic manner while under the influence of alcohol.

GROUPS

According to the survey other minority groups such as burglars are often singled out for attention by the police.

FEDERATION

A spokesman for the Federation of Policemen said that public confidence in Britain's

police was on the increase, despite the fact that they occasionally roughed people up or shot them by mistake. Meanwhile, a report published by the Police Complaints Commission, the Government's official independent public monitoring watchdog public accountability body, showed that the number of complaints made against police officers increased during the last year.

VALUE

A spokesman claimed that this was due to an increase in the number of complaints made over the past twelve months.

MY LIFE WITH T

"Jagger, Bowie, Fish out of Marillion. You name 'em, I've fitted their kitchens. And some of the stories I could tell you, you just wouldn't believe."

One day I had an appointment to measure up for a new kitchen at Rod Stewart's Surrey mansion. He was living with stunning film star Britt Ekland at the time, and I remember arriving to find some sort of sex and drugs orgy in full swing. There were naked women, most of them top celebrities, in every room. Champagne was flowing like confetti.

SEX

Anyway, I made my way to the kitchen and couldn't believe what I saw. It was narrow — about 7 feet wide by 13½ long, with only one outside wall. I immediately realised a peninsula work unit was out of the question. The choice of position of the cooker was also limited. Rod's idea of a ranch style breakfast bar was a non-starter.



SEXY BRITT

I measured up as best I could, then went to find Rod to tell him the score. I found him upstairs on a bed having sex with some film star, so I told Britt I'd pop a quote in the post within a day or two.

VIBRATOR

A fortnight later the job was mine. Rod took my advice and plumped for a straight galley design with a built-in electric hob and matching eye-level cupboards, all finished in grey melamine with marble effect work surfaces and extruded aluminium trim. The whole lot came to £400 — a lot of money in those days — but Rod was very happy with the job.



SEXY ROD

Choosing your kitchen is probably the hardest decision you ever have to make — even for the stars. One day I got a call from Mick Jagger. Could I come over immediately and fit a kitchen. I threw a few tools in the van and headed straight for Mick's Surrey mansion.

SPANKED

It wasn't long after Brian Jones had died, and the band were all sat around writing songs and taking drugs. I went straight through to the kitchen which was a large basement room at the back of the house. Mick had indicated a preference for a traditional country kitchen in solid pine and left the finer details up to Mariane Faithful. After all, she was going to be the one doing the cooking.



SEXY MARIANE

I'd heard a lot about Mariane, especially in the tabloid papers. In those days she had quite a reputation, but even so I was surprised by her choice of part

Most of us never get to meet our pop idols. But for a lucky few — technicians, roadies, sound and light engineers — mixing with the stars is just a part of their job. And one man, RONNIE ROBINSON, has perhaps got closer to the stars than anyone throughout his 25 year career as a kitchen fitter, fitting kitchens for all of the biggest names in the music world.

'The drugs, the booze, the naked sex orgies ~ I've seen it all'



glazed green and white alternating tiles for the splash back. I would have to order them specially from the warehouse and it could take up to 14 days for delivery. But she was adamant, so I placed the order and got on with the rest of the work.

BREASTS

When the tiles arrived I had everything else finished so all that remained was to put them up. Simple, I thought. Little did I know the splash-back height didn't coincide with the size of the tiles, and I was there all afternoon trimming the top row to size.

TONGUE

Anyway, I'd just finished grouting the last tile when I walks Mick, not with Mariane, but with Bianca Jagger, the new girl in his life. She took one look at the tiles and shook her head. "I want those removed", she said. Mick was so embarrassed, but I'm a pro, so I just got on with the job, replacing the tiles with self-adhesive 'tile-on-a-rod' wall covering — the wipe clean type. It looks good, but lasts nothing like as long as a good ceramic surface.

NAKED

When I was finished I sealed the work surface edging with a half inch quadrant ramie and cellulose varnish. I was glad to see the back of that kitchen, I can tell you.



GEORGE HARRISON

Several years later a good friend of mine, George Harrison, invited me to a party at his Surrey mansion where I met Mick. Believe it or not his new lover Jerry Hall had decided she hated vinyl wall covering and wanted it replaced — wait for it — with the original green and white tiles! Luckily I'd removed them all carefully and stacked them in my shed. After a quick polish they looked as good as new, and I stuck them up the next day.

ERECT NIPPLES

You wouldn't believe the way some pop stars carry on. They spend a fortune on cars, parties, booze and drugs, but when it comes to investing a few bob in a decent quality fitted kitchen some of them simply don't want to know.

ORGASM

I was having a drink with Radio One DJ Simon Bates one evening. The previous night he'd done Top Of The



CUT ABOVE THE REST! ☆ TOP TEN ☆

THE PHANTOM CHORDS proved themselves to be a cut above the competition in this issue's Top Ten Chart, brought to you exclusively by PAUL'S HAIRDRESSERS of Chillingham Road, Heaton.

Their single *Johnny, Remember Me* is a re-working of the old classic which also reached No. 1 back in 1961 for Johnny Dreyman. And our sponsor Paul remembers the original well.

"That was a good record, and I wish the Phantom Chords every success with this new version". Indeed Paul suggested the five piece band, featuring former Damned front man Dave Vanian, might like to pop into his shop for a trim during their forthcoming brief UK tour. "Gents haircuts from only £2.80. Beards £1.60", Paul told us.



Runners-up position went to **16 TAMBOURINES**, a Liverpool band familiar to regular readers. We showed our picture of the Tambourines to Paul who suggested that a couple of haircuts would not go astray amongst the six piece combo. "Fashion and appearances are big factors in pop music today," said Paul, "and a good haircut can either make or break a young band like this". Paul suggested that a fashion cut, including blow dry, for just £3.50 would do the trick. If the Liverpool lads want to take Paul up on his offer, they should call in any day except Wednesday. "I'm closed all day Wednesdays," Paul told us.

There are unusual entries at 3 and 4 (619) **MOJO NIXON** - King by Elvis Presley. "A lot of my customers are Elvis fans," Paul revealed. "No doubt they'll be looking for that one in the shops". Meanwhile

F.I.F.A. release their single *House of World Cup* to coincide with the international football competition of the same name. Paul promises that his shop will remain open for business as usual throughout the World Cup.

"World Cup or no World Cup, hair still grows and it will always need cutting, so that's what I do Mondays to Fridays (except Wednesday as I already mentioned) 9.00 till 5.30, and Saturdays 8.45 till 4.30."

THE ODD ECCENTRIC are another band celebrating a return to the chart, this time promoting the *Two Heads* side of their current single, which is available from the band at 3 Lancing Way, Croxley Green, Hertfordshire for £2.50, probably. If you can't afford that, and are aged 65 or over, then why not pop into Paul's on a Tuesday when OAPs can get a discount trim for just £1.40.

THE GIRAFFES are from Coventry so they'd have a long way to travel to get to Paul's shop in Chillingham Road, Heaton. But if they made it as far as Newcastle city centre, they'd find the No.1 bus service stops right outside his door. Paul asked us to extend the offer to anyone living in Coventry. "You're all welcome," he told us. "But please - don't all come at once".



On the fringes of the chart are Dundee's **BIG BLUE 72** with their *Live at the Marquee* L.P. Singer, songwriter and guitarist Keith Matheson is seen here holding an 18

1	THE PHANTOM CHORDS Johnny, Remember Me	£106.00
2	16 TAMBOURINES How Green Is Your Valley?	£142.00
3	F.I.F.A. House of World Cup	£ 44.44
4	MOJO NIXON (619) 239 King/Elvis is Everywhere	£ 75.00
5	THE ODD ECCENTRIC Two Heads	£ 35.05
6	THE GIRAFFES Lazy Hazel Heart	£ 35.00
7	RANCID HELL SPAWN Gas Mask Love	£ 30.31
8	ANDERSON HEIGHTS Four Track E.P.	£ 36.00
9	BIG BLUE 72 Live at the Marquee	£ 22.00
10	SKA-BOOM Lost in Ska	£ 20.21

pound salmon (a kind of fish) which he caught on the Tay earlier this year. "If anyone else in the chart has caught a bigger salmon than that, I'll give them a free hair cut," said Paul.

Leicester's **SKA-BOOM** spend their time dancing, not fishing. Probably. And they only just made the chart. A close shave for them, whilst others missed out altogether. "I always give my customers a

close shave," Paul told us. "And perhaps a little something for the weekend". If you'd like to appear in the Viz Top Ten send a copy of your record, a **CASH** bribe (no cheques) plus a photo or some useful information to Viz Top Ten, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Remember to mark your envelope *There's no money in here, Pastie. Honest*.

IT'S A FANTASTIC POP HAIRCUT COMPETITION

Here's a top pop competition, and it's your chance to win a haircut at Paul's plus a copy of Shakin' Stevens new single 'Yes I Do' which features many of your favourite Viz characters on the cover of both the 7" and 12" versions. All you have to do is answer the following questions:

1. Which eighties pop group with 'haircut' in their name had a hit all about their favourite shirt?
2. Which American band's name is both a type of haircut and the name of a B52 bomber?
3. Shakin' Stevens has had more hits than most of us have had haircuts. But how many haircuts has Shakey had over the years? Include every visit to the barbers you think Shakey has ever made. And remember, he's getting on a bit.

Send your answers, on a postcard, to Paul's Viz Pop Shakey Haircut Competition, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1PT. The winner will get one free haircut at Paul's, first class travel included, plus a copy of the single signed by Shakey himself.

My shoes put my feet on a pair of wheels. Each has a remarkable pair of shoes. They call themselves...

THE Q-SHOES



Then Billy Lynch (Q1) spotted something...



He took a closer look through his high-powered binoculars.



The black car sped off leaving one badly foreign agent to guard the shed where the professor had been tied up.



They turn left, but the agents had a better weapon....



QUICKLY! THOSE KIDS ARE GETTING AWAY!

DON'T WORRY. THIS BOMB WILL STOP THEM.



HURR HURR.



OH NO! IT'S A BOMB! WE'RE DONE FOR!



STAND BACK EVERYONE. LEAVE THIS TO ME.

CAREFUL, DICKY!



Without a thought for his own safety, he sped towards the bomb in his remarkably flexible boots.

That's what was true.



TAKE THAT YOU EVIL FOREIGNERS!

OH NO!

WAA!

OH NO!

LOOK OUT!



WATCH OUT!

OH NO!

AAARGH!



The bomb exploded.



OOH MY HEAD!

OOOH!

AAAH!

BULLSEYE!



The police helicopter arrived and dropped a large net capturing the crooks.



THANK YOU, Q-SHOES!

THE END.

20 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT CAKE



Every schoolboy knows that it was French King Louis Armstrong XIV who said "Let them have cake, but they can't eat it". But nowadays nothing could be further from the truth. Cake is consumed by everyone, rich and poor alike. Indeed the 20th century has become the year of the cake. And never more so than today.

But what do we really know about cake? What are the facts about our favourite food? Here's twenty fruit filled slices of exceedingly good information about cakes.

1 The world's first cake was baked in 2200 BC - over a thousand years ago. It now rests inside a sealed vault at the Museum of Food and Cake at Vesey, Switzerland. No-one is allowed near the cake, as it carries an ancient Egyptian curse. A message written in hieroglyphics on the icing warns would be nibblers that anyone eating so much as a crumb will die a horrible death. Sure enough, Sir Humphrey Mountbatten who unearthed the cake in 1902 ate the cherry off the top and was killed instantly after a long illness several years later.

2 The largest man-made cake weighed a whopping 90,000 lb. That's heavier than an elephant. It was presented to the Prince of Wales during a visit to Austin, Texas in 1986. The cake stood untouched in a Buckingham Palace kitchen for almost 3 years until one night in 1989 when the Duchess of York ate it.

3 Rudyard Kipling is famous for his exceedingly good cakes. He named his Bakewell Slice after pop TV presenter Joan Bakewell, because it is a high class tart.



4 Cakes have played an important part in history. Before defeating the Spanish Armada at Trafalgar Square, King Arthur is reputed to have watched a

spider burning cakes on his round table.

5 Ask for a Walnut cake in an East End bakers shop and you'll probably be referred to the nearest garden centre. That's because 'walnut cake' is cockney rhyming slang for 'garden rake'.

6 Just because something is described as a 'piece of cake' doesn't mean you can eat it. The expression 'a piece of cake' is used to describe something that is easy to do.

7 And so is 'a piece of piss'.

8 Mountbatten cake is a pink and yellow square cake with marzipan on the outside, named in honour of the late Lord Mountbatten.



9 If you want a fish-cake, don't go into the baker's shop. Pop along the street to the fishmongers instead. That's because fish-cake, strictly speaking, isn't a cake at all. It's a round, flat dollop of mashed potato covered in breadcrumbs.

10 And if you want a Pontefract cake, you'd best nip across the road to the confectioners. Pontefract cakes aren't cakes either. They're liqueur sweets.

11 If you want a piece of carrot cake you couldn't be blamed for popping next door to the green-grocers. However, the green-grocer would send you back across the road to the baker's shop again, for carrot cake is indeed a cake. Made with carrots.

12 If you want a cake of soap you'll have to go back across the road, down the street a bit then turn left, and keep going until you come to the chemists.

13 And if you want some cheese cake Marks and Spencers do a very nice one in three flavours for only 79p a slice. There's a choice of blackcurrant, strawberry or cherry.



14 Cakes are more popular than cars. In Britain last year we bought an incredible 311,850,000 cakes. Yet in the same period only half that number of new cars were sold. And most of those were Japanese, probably.

15 The vast majority of cakes are named after their country of origin. Danish Pastry, French Fancies, Belgian Buns, Rumanian cake, And Arctic Rolls. To name but a few.

16 It's hard to tell, but you would imagine that Belgians or Germans eat more cakes than anyone else.

17 The first ever cake shop was opened on a Moscow side street in 1923.

18 By the year 2000 people will go shopping on the moon and buy space cake.

19 ...

Celebrity Swears



SCARGILL IN NAZI SPACE GUN HORROR

The National Union of Mineworkers have denied allegations that several million pounds collected during the 1984 miners' strike were used by their chairman Arthur Scargill to build a 1,000 foot long steel tubular artillery gun at his home near Barnsley.

PINKO

Commie union boss Scargill, 54, has so far failed to comment on the further allegation that he paid former Nazi war criminals 75p



an hour to act as his personal 'minders' during the fourteen month long dispute.

M.O.D. experts believe that the alleged gun, if it existed, which it didn't, could fire big things a very long way. Perhaps even into space.

YOUNG HILLIP FRASER HAD AN UNUSUAL CHUM, FOR HIS BEST PAL WAS A GHOST!

COME ON MY GHOULISH
SPECTRAL CHUM! LET'S
VISIT THE TUCK SHOP

NOT SO FAST, BULLY. I'VE GOT MY SHMUGGLING CHAIRS TRING TO PROTECT ME.

I'M THE BRIGHTEST SCARER, PEE!

www.dailycartoon.com The Suckers

AAAAAGGGHH!! HELP! HELP! ASSIST!! IT'S A G-G-GHOST!! HELP!!

JUST KIDD! CHIMBLE!

A SPECTACULAR BIT OF SPOOKING AND SPOOKING HANGERS CHIM! THAT'S THE LAST WHISTLED OF HUM!

LATER...

OOPS! IT'S P.E. MEET. I HATE P.E.

SCHOOL GYM?

COME ON BOYS, LOOK IN HERE!

WE'RE GOING TO DO 500 PUSH UPS TODAY!

STUFF AND MANDIBLES!
HAUNTED ANDERSON, I'VE
NEVER HEARD SUCH
RUBBISH..

BACK AT HOME...
HI DAD, I'M HOME.

PHILIP, COULD I BORROW A WORD WITH YOU?

IT'S ABOUT THIS GROSS CHUM OF YOURS.

MY FRIENDS YOU FRIENDS DON'T A GHOST AFTER ALL.

BAH!

HE'S AN ESCAPED CORNISH WIND'S BORN IN THE RUN FOR 5 YEARS.

THESE FEW OF OUR GUESSES HAVE COME TO TAKE HIM AWAY.

LEAVING HIM ALONE! HE'S NOT A CONVICT! HE'S A GHOST! A REAL LIVE GHOST, AND HE'S MY BEST FRIEND! LET HIM GO!

SORRY YOUNG PHILLIP! I'VE
GROWN WITH YOU. AND I'M
AFRAID YOU ARE TOO

HARBORING A WANTED
CRIMINAL IS A SERIOUS
OFFENSE, FOR WHICH YOU
WILL RECEIVE A SENTENCE
OF AT LEAST 15 YEARS!

WELL, MY SUPERNATURAL CHIMP, HOW SHALL WE DISOCCUPY MANKIND? YOU CAN SPLOOT THE GUMMETS, OR BETTER STILL YOU COULD SIMPLY WALK THROUGH THE WALL.

G. K. BROWN

Killer bees 'the size of a bus' set to invade Britain

By our Science Correspondent

For many centuries the humble bumble bee has been man's best friend, provider of honey, wax and certain types of cheese. But in years to come our friend the bumble bee could become our greatest enemy.

Experts believe that bees are getting bigger, and by the year 2000 swarms of deadly stinging bees, some as large as a fridge, will darken the skies and descend on our towns and cities in search of food. And that food, according to the experts, could well be human flesh.

BEES

Dr. Rudolph Randall, bee expert at Buxton University's Department of Winged Insects, fears the worst. "I believe that bees are increasing in size by around 4 inches per year. At present they are about half an inch long, but according to my research within three years bees will measure over one foot in length".



Dr. Randall blames these dramatic changes on the greenhouse effect, coupled with acid rain, ozones, pesticides, nuclear power and lead-free petrol.

BUSES

"It is not inconceivable that within our lifetime bees the size of double decker buses will fill the skies", Dr. Randall continued. "Their buzz will be deafening, and their stings, the size of flagpoles, will carry enough poison to kill the entire population of Macclesfield."



"They will have metal teeth, laser vision and sort of windscreen wipers that will spray jets of acid strong enough to melt steel armour plating. And it will be no use trying to shoot them down, because they will be bullet-proof".

BUXTON

Colleagues at Buxton University refused to comment on Dr. Randall's predictions. However, one member of staff we spoke to was surprised by his remarks. "Dr. Randall was involved in a road accident



A bee (left) seen here as we see it today (enlarged), a bus (centre) not to scale, and a bigger bee (right) seen next to it.

several months ago and suffered a blow to the head. He hasn't been at work since. Any research which he has done must have been carried out independently."

BUGGER

Dr. Randall did have some good news for the human race. "Bees will be a problem for many years to come", he told us, "but eventually they will all fly away to the moon, and by the year 2025 there won't be any bees left to worry about."

MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH GOD

~from as little as £10



Now and again we all stray from the path of righteousness, and in today's busy world finding time to go to confession is not too easy. How much easier it would be to get forgiveness at a time which suits you. Well now, with the new Postal Forgiveness Service brought to you by Father Alfred Rawlins, Vicar of St Mary in the Fields, Fulchester, you can be forgiven your trespasses from the comfort of your own home. Simply fill in the coupon below and send it with your cheque or postal order (made payable to Viz Comic) to Father Alfred Rawlins, c/o PO Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

Father, forgive me for I have strayed from the path of righteousness. I have committed the following sin(s)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Profanity (£1) | <input type="checkbox"/> Fiddling with parts (£17.50) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Falsehood (£10) | <input type="checkbox"/> Theft (£20) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Adultery (£15) | <input type="checkbox"/> Murder (£25) |

Oh Lord, I don't want to go to Hell and enclose a cheque for £

Please allow 28 days for forgiveness.

I WAS THIRD KRAY TWIN

A man claiming to be the 'third Kray twin' yesterday issued a cocky challenge to the British police from his new home on the Costa del Crime. "Having a lovely time - wish you were here!"

Kevin Kray, 27, claims he was the brains behind the Kray's notorious gangland empire in the 60s. And when his twin brothers Ronnie and Reggie were jailed for life in 1969 Kevin fled to Spain, taking with him most of the proceeds from their Mafia-style Eastend operation.

CASE

"I knew the old bill were on my case, so I quit while I was ahead". And while his brothers begin their twenty-first year behind bars, Kevin lives a life of luxury in his £1200 caravan on a campsite near Malaga.

HANDBAG

"They say crime don't pay. Well, I know different", says Kevin, cracking open another can of lager before sitting back to reflect on his life of crime.

HOLDALL

"I remember the sixties well. No-one messed with the Krays. Me and my brothers had London all sewn up. We'd get up in the morning, and rob a bank or two before breakfast. Then in the evening we'd go and murder someone in a pub. It was a great life I can tell you".

SHOPPING TROLLEY

"I knew all the villains. Buster Keaton, Ronnie Knight, John McVicar and Ronald Biggs. In fact, it was me who told old Ronnie Biggs to do the great train robbery - that was my idea".

IGNORED

Kevin is understandably annoyed that his part in the Kray's story has been totally ignored by the makers of the hit film "The Krays", starring the Kemp brothers out of Spandau Ballet. And despite his wealth and luxury lifestyle, Kevin is up in arms about payments being made to his brothers by the makers of the film.



"It's not fair. Ronnie and Reggie always got all the credit, and now they're getting the money from the film. But I was the mastermind behind our Eastend operations. And I was always meaner than them. Come to think of it, I shot more people in pubs than both of them put together".

REPUTATION

Kevin is quick to point out that despite their reputation for violence, the Krays always played fair. "There were strict rules. We didn't just kill anyone - we only shot our own. And coppers. But that was the way in the Eastend. We were one big happy family".

FORGET

"I'll never forget those days. And my old mum, Scarlet. She was fantastic. Just like Lou Beale out of Eastenders".

WRITE

Kevin plans to write his own film version of the Kray's story, starring Neil Tennant out of the Pet Shop Boys as himself. "I don't need the money - I'm probably a millionaire several times over - but I think it's time the true story was told", he explained.

LEFT

Production rights to his film are available for £500 (or nearest offer) from Kevin who can be contacted at his caravan, "Poloma Blanca", Bel Vista Park, Campo Del Sol, Malaga, Spain.

The Kray twins in their heyday (below) Kevin, Reggie and Ronnie, and (left) Kevin today, living it up on the Costa del Crime.



IT'S A DOG'S LIFE! *Hot under collar Terry's in the doghouse*

Terry Thompson thought he'd seen the last of his dog Candy when the loveable labrador went missing during a camping holiday in Cornwall in 1971.

After all attempts to find the dog had failed, eleven year old Terry was in tears as he reluctantly returned to his home in Solihull.

CANDY

Terry had given up all hope of ever seeing Candy alive again. That was until one day in January of this year when Terry, now 30, opened his door to find Candy sitting on the step.

SODA POP

"I couldn't believe it after all those years Candy had somehow managed to find her way home." Despite the dog's nineteen year ordeal Candy was in good health. "She was a lot smaller than before, and a slightly different colour, and breed, but I'd recognise that wagging tail anywhere."

SASPERILLA

But Terry's joy soon turned to anger when next door neighbour Barry Jenkins rang his doorbell claiming the dog was his pet Rex, and had strayed into Terry's garden through a gap in the fence.

A heated argument ensued and Terry was subsequently arrested and charged with assault, threatening behaviour, and stealing a dog.

POTATO CHIPS

Despite being found guilty and fined £45 Terry remains adamant that the dog is his. "I won't rest until Candy is back where she belongs," he told us yesterday. "And if I don't get her back I'm going to put that bastard's windows in."

OOH!! IT MAKES ME SO MAD, SOMEONE'S BEEN SQUEEZING THE TOOTH PASTE FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE TUBE AGAIN, AND PUTTING THE USED MATCHES BACK IN THE BOX!!!



I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR BEING A PETTY THIEF.

P.C. BLOUSE



AND HIS SOFTY, SOFTY APPROACH.



SOBBIY SARGE, BUT I GOT MYSELF SHAVIN' AND I WRENT ALL BAKIN' I HAD TO HAVE A LITTLE LIE SOAKIN' SOH I WITE BLOOD ME



CHARGE, SARGE, YOU KNOW MY PASTY THIS THING SHOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE! YOU'VE GOT TO BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL!



GET OUT AND GET STARTED!!



SOFT, GAAAAARGE!



SO... ON THE VERGE OF PLUNGING UP, I'LL MAKE ME OPEN YOUR EARS! TO SHAVIN'!



THEN... (OH, NO! IT'S THE BIG BOY!) FROM FALGSTER'S CONFES. THEY'LL BE PICKIN' ON ME!



GIVE US YOUR DRINKS, MONEY BLOOD, OR WE'LL SAVE YOU A CHARGE BURN, NOH! ME, TMI!



COME ON, LET'S HAVE ALL OF IT!



WAAAA! SOB!!



CHARGE! P.C. BLOUSE, P.C. BLOUSE, PICKED IMMEDIATELY UP TO FALGSTER'S GARDENS FOR THINNING HIS LIGHT HOSE, BUT FINE, OVER! OFFER!



THIS IS WHAT POLICING IS ALL ABOUT...



THAT HOUSE LATER, ENJOSE ME! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN PICKED TO GARDEN?



NO, I'LL STAY UP IN HERE AND GET AN A BITE



SHORTLY IN A COFFEE SHOP... (OH, NO! FALGSTER'S GARDENS, THERE PASTY HAD, IS IT)



OH, SARGE! IT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HIGH STREET, I'M NOT GOING TO SHAVIN'! THE COLLAPD MANHOLE, HAVIN' SOME'



OH, WELL, SHE'S PROBABLY FOUND IT BY NOW, ANYWAY



OH, MY, MY! IT'S HEAVILY FIVE O'CLOCK, I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE STATION, I'VE BEEN MEAN MY TEA-TIME



AT THE STATION... THAT'S ONE FOUND THINNY GUN



POSTING... HELLO BLOUSE, HAD A VERY BOLD DAY, GUY



THAT'S OK! WE'VE HAD TWO BANK ROBBERIES, A COINTEGRAND, FALGSTER'S GARDENS, A SMALL BLOT AND A BOMB, SARGE



BLOUSE... WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN!?



WAAAA! SOB!!



SHORTLY... COME ON, BOSS...



BLOODHUNT, MY SON HAS JUST COME FROM, YESHLY, YESHLY, YESHLY, I'VE SAID THAT YOU PUSHED HIM...

SUICIDAL SYD

HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO POP HIS CORK!



